

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1913

MRS. PANKHURST'S MISSION.

Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst anticipates no trouble at Ellis Island nor elsewhere during her visit to the United States. She is not coming for the purpose of preaching militancy and she is not apprehensive that the American authorities will find anything like moral turpitude in her conduct in England.

We are told Mrs. Pankhurst is coming to America because she wishes to be understood. She says so herself. She says there has been opportunity for nothing but misunderstanding this side of the water. The story has been only half told by the British press, which has laid emphasis on Mrs. Pankhurst's militancy and that of her followers without giving them credit for the great work they have been doing against white slavery and contagious diseases.

The motive for the suffrage movement in England is entirely different from that of the battle for the ballot in the United States. In England it is a moral movement designed for the improvement of social conditions. Here it is purely political, almost purely a matter of right and not expediency. American women want the ballot because they believe they are entitled to it and wish to participate in the management of public affairs. In England the women feel that the salvation of social conditions lies in the ballot.

Mrs. Pankhurst wants the American people to understand the difference and be able to appreciate the situation in which English women are placed. Then she believes the cause of suffrage in England will receive more sympathy from this country. She realizes, it is said, that there is no occasion for militancy in this country because of the better conditions for women and for the reason that prejudice against votes for women is rapidly disappearing.

The confidence expressed by Mrs. Pankhurst that she will receive fair treatment here should not be violated. Her sincerity cannot be questioned. She has suffered much for it. Not an ounce of burden should be added to those she already bears.

HOMESTEAD BASEBALL.

In its first season South Bend's and Mishawaka's factory baseball league demonstrated two things—that there is an abundance of good baseball material in the twin cities and that it is possible to have an interesting and closely contested series of well played games without belonging to a district league.

Incidentally it developed that the manufacturing concerns represented in the factory league are deeply interested in their teams and take pride in their success, and that they are disposed to afford them every facility for playing good ball and accommodating the patrons of the games.

It is understood that next season two baseball parks will be added to the league's equipment and that the league will consist of eight clubs. The News-Times will again offer the pennant for the winning team, the Clauer trophy will again be at stake and doubtless other prizes will be added.

The season was financially successful for the league, and it was possible to make a small divy among the players. Next season with two additional parks, making the games accessible for a larger number of people the financial returns will doubtless be greater.

But the boys are not playing for the money there is in it. They are playing for the love of the game, and their employers encourage them by fitting up grounds which for comfort and playing facilities are as good as any in the minor leagues.

The News-Times handed the pennant to the Singers this year and will take equal pleasure in handing it to any other winning team next year. The pennant is given to encourage and promote interest in the national game among the factory employees of the twin cities.

PATERNALISM IN ENGLAND.

Great Britain has gone into the paternal system deeper than we hope. It will ever become necessary or expedient in the United States. The system as practiced in Great Britain provides against thriftlessness and offers a premium on vagrancy, though surrounded by all the safeguards it was possible to contrive.

Briefly stated, the law establishing this system provides limited allowances for men out of work and an employment bureau which operates from 230 different points and has authority to advance money to send idle men to another point where employment may be obtained for them.

The principle evolved is that to a considerable degree the state assumes to take the initiative for the individual. The necessity for ambition and energy is discounted and, figuratively speaking, the workman is invited to "lie down" on the state. It needs no superior vision to see that such a

state of dependency is good for neither the state nor the individual.

Conditions among the working classes in England are such that the paternal care indicated by this British law has become necessary to prevent the government from becoming overburdened with paupers, but it is to be hoped that no such condition will ever be reached in this country. The trend of public sentiment and of legislation in the United States is against such a possibility. The effort here, under the progressive influences of the present time, is to make the individual more independent, to give him opportunity instead of alms, to make him a self-dependent, self-directing man.

TRAGEDY OF BIRD LIFE.

The significance of the humane movement in behalf of birds, of which the provisions in the new tariff bill against the importation of feathers is a feature, was beautifully illustrated in a play entitled "Sanctuary" given under the auspices of the Bird club of Meriden, Conn.

In quite a dramatic and spectacular manner the play reveals the "bird spirit" to the plume hunters, and it will be unfortunate if steps are not taken to make this impressive object lesson available for the public. The performance was semi-amateur in character and witnessed by a limited number. Personal interest was added by the appearance of Eleanor Wilson, daughter of the president, as Ornith, the bird spirit.

Such a production, publicly given, should surpass "Chanticleer" not only in beauty of ensemble but in interest and significance. "Chanticleer" is purely a comedy and reveals little of the real purpose of the birds as a factor in the economy of the universe. "Sanctuary" is a full revelation of the wise and beneficent reason of the Creator for making the birds the companions of mankind on the earth.

"Sanctuary" should, if publicly produced, materially aid the movement for the conservation of the birds and at the same time be profitable to the producers. Whereas it requires a stretch of the imagination to prevent "Chanticleer" from becoming silly and flat at times there could be nothing silly or flat in such a revelation of the tragedy of bird life as that which "Sanctuary" gives.

Having no definite objection to urge against the currency bill the opposition is falling back on the conventional machine box. Well, any machine that might result from it could not be as much of a menace to the country as the present money power.

Pres. Hanley of Franklin college, who spanked his father for applying an "unspeakable epithet" to his mother, has sought and found reconciliation with his parent. Come to think it over the old gentleman made up his mind that all he got was coming to him.

The continuity claimed for human beings should not be seriously questioned since it is exemplified in so many ways in the present life. For example there is the continuity of hoaxes. More might be cited, but that is sufficient to illustrate the point.

After all these years Chicago is starting a fund for a monument to mark the neglected grave of Eugene Field, the poet of the children. But the neglect is not altogether Chicago's fault. Eugene Field wrote for the whole world.

Chicago's "26" dice game has been submitted to the Prince of Monaco with the verdict that it is the worst species of gambling he ever saw. And the prince is authority.

If the so-called citizens' movement had had the highest merit in the beginning it could not have hoped to survive the bonehead plays of the Tribune.

Curiously enough all of the citizens' movements so far recorded have practically the same origin—to turn out the ins and turn in the outs.

A two-days extension gave Thaw's lawyers time to think of some other expedient for delaying the prisoner's return to Matteawan.

The open season for flies will continue until after frost, and then there will be no objection to inside swatting.

Chicago women have organized a "Boast-her" club, probably in opposition to the "Knock-her" club.

The deadly triangle—the grade crossing the automobile and the unexpected train.

BURNED TO DEATH.
WORTHINGTON, Ind., Sept. 14.—Mrs. Charles Bessick, wife of a young farmer, was burned to death early Sunday in a coal oil explosion.

MOHAWK — Stockholders of the State bank have selected Wilfred Dobbin president and C. V. Brook, cashier.

MARRIED LIFE THE FIRST YEAR AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

"Oh, Anna, Anna!" Helen rushed excitedly into the kitchen. "Mr. Curtis has just telephoned that he is bringing a friend home for dinner at 7. Some one from out of town—and he wants the nicest dinner we can have."

Anna looked up stolidly from the cake pans she was carefully lining with buttered paper. "Well, we ain't got much—only roast and potatoes and beets and cinnamon cake."

"Oh, but we must get something—a lot of things! This is the first time he has ever brought any one home to dinner—and we must have something nice."

"Yes, miss—but we ain't got time. It's after 5 now."

"But we must—Anna, we must get up a dinner somehow! I'll phone to the grocer and have them send the things at once. Now what shall I order?" snatching up pencil and pad.

"Now, help me, Anna—help think of something we can prepare quick. Grape fruit! triumphantly, 'we'll begin the dinner with grape fruit.' She wrote down 'two large grape fruit'.

"Then clams—clams on the half shell, it won't take long to fix them."

"But you can't get 'em at the grocer's," protested Anna.

"Now what next? We already have. Now what next? We already have. Now what next? We already have."

"Salad, we must have salad! Haven't you some lettuce here?"

"Only one head, and it ain't very fresh."

"Lettuce and tomatoes," went down on the list.

"Now the desert! An ice? That won't take any time. I'll telephone to the confectioner for a block of Neapolitan and some macaroons. We have fruit cake. Now is that all, Anna? Is there anything else?"

"If we get time to fix all that we'll be doing very well."

"Then, when I telephone for these things, you put an extra leaf in the table and get out the best linen."

"The next hour was a busy one. By quarter after six almost everything was ready. The table glistened with the best linen and china, and the many cut glass and silver wedding presents."

"Now, miss, you'd better stop and dress," Anna urged for the third time.

"Yes, yes, in a moment. I've half an hour yet. Oh, Anna, we forgot the flowers! We should have ordered the flowers—then I could have used that lovely blue glass vase. We haven't anything for a centerpiece."

"Well, if they get a good dinner, they won't miss the flowers," grumbled Anna, with unconscious philosophy.

It was only a few minutes later when Helen was hurriedly dressing that Anna came to her door with a look of blank dismay.

"The oven, miss—it won't burn!"—ragically.

"It won't burn?"

"It's out—and won't light. The roast's only half done."

Helen flew into the kitchen. Reckless of her pretty dress, she knelt down and tried to relight the burner. But her knowledge of a gas range was limited. A half box of used matches and a burnt finger were the only results.

"Oh, Anna, what can we do—what can we do?"

A half-cooked roast, a cold oven, no other meat or anything to take its place, the coming in half an hour, make a situation undeniably panic-stricken.

Helen was on the verge of tears. Anna was stolidly beating the salad dressing.

"Parker—Parker!" a voice was shouting at the bottom of the dumb-waiter. And for the first time Helen heard the buzzing of the Parker bell.

"Oh, I do wish those people would answer the dumb-waiter—somebody's always calling 'Parker!' It makes me nervous enough to 'scream'! Helen was almost hysterical. And then again, 'What can we do—Anna, what can we do?'"

Here their own bell buzzed, and "Curtis' Confectioner" was called from below.

"That's the ice cream, Anna, but what's the use of having ice cream if we haven't any meat?"

Anna drew up the dumb-waiter. On the shelf was a cream packed in ice, and beside it was a number of brown paper parcels marked 'Parker.' The paper was torn on one and the fresh red of a steak showed through.

There were times when Helen's mind worked very fast—but it never worked so rapidly as it did now.

With a little cry she caught up the package, tore off the rest of the paper and disclosed a fine large porterhouse steak!

THE RED BUTTON
A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK
By WILL IRWIN

(Continued from Saturday.)

There was something pleasing, and more than pleasing, about this woman here. He remembered how she had appeared to him ten years ago, when she began flashing in and out of his life. He had been sitting in another house of murder, and he had seen her cross the street. He had marked her then as "a peach," a little too plump for his idea of beauty, but pretty nevertheless. She had brown hair then; she had a neat figure, a smooth pleasing face, and those big gray eyes. The eyes remained as they were, but there was a foam of white across her hair. The face had fallen into a delicate ridge here and there, though massage had taken care of the wrinkles, which showed not as yet. Her figure had broadened a little—yet she still bore it wonderfully. The skin of her long plump hands had begun to gather about the knuckles. And still—she appealed to him as she had never appealed in those first days. He had no great amount of imagination; but what he had soared and took flight. Suppose—then—when they were both young—

The flight stopped there; the bird of imagination fluttered to earth. It did not fly. It was a medium, a professional faker. In their early acquaintance she had duped even him. She was next door to a crook; and he was close to crooks to have his tolerations, but also his prejudices. No, she wasn't the kind for a man. But it was a pity. The broad, sturdy police bosom of Martin McGee heaved with a sigh. A pity! How pretty she looked, with her brows and her letting her dimples play soberly with her thought as she turned and returned an old coat. And what a mind she had! Lord, what a mind!

The sigh did not escape Rosalie Le Grange; little in her surroundings ever escaped her. She appeared to come out of her thoughtful mood, and her dimples faded.

"Getting tired?" she asked.

"No," he said. And then suddenly: "Rose, why did you ever start it?"

"Being a medium, you mean?"

"Yes. The word was out of his lips before he knew it. Still, bright. 'Now, how did you get that—what I was thinking of? You make me wonder if there ain't something in your mediumship.'"

"Well," said Rosalie, "reaching" out and getting things that way is on the edge of the spirit, I guess. Told you before, the more you know about this thing the more you don't know." She mounted a chair to peer along the closed shelf. "In this case, when a gentleman sits still looking at a lady like he really saw her, he's thinkin' of the past among other things. And when he sighs like that, it's probably because she ain't what he'd like her to be—he's got no respect for her, which I hope you have, Inspector Martin McGee!"

"Yes, I have that," responded the Inspector.

"I kinder guessed you had," replied Rosalie, smelling of two old bottles which she had found on the shelf. "How did I come to take it up? Well, when you're left an orphan at twelve, there ain't much choice. Prof. Vango adopted me—my mother was in his circle. Old fad! But he had mediumship, too; and he thought, 'An' I thought, he brought somethin' out of me. Anyhow, I saw things. So I became a medium, like you became a cop—because it happened that way. If it had happened another way you might have been a boss brick-layer and contractor—you wouldn't 'a' stayed a journeyman, I'd say that for you. Sometimes," added Rosalie, drawing all sting from her words by a dash of her dimples, "I think you're"

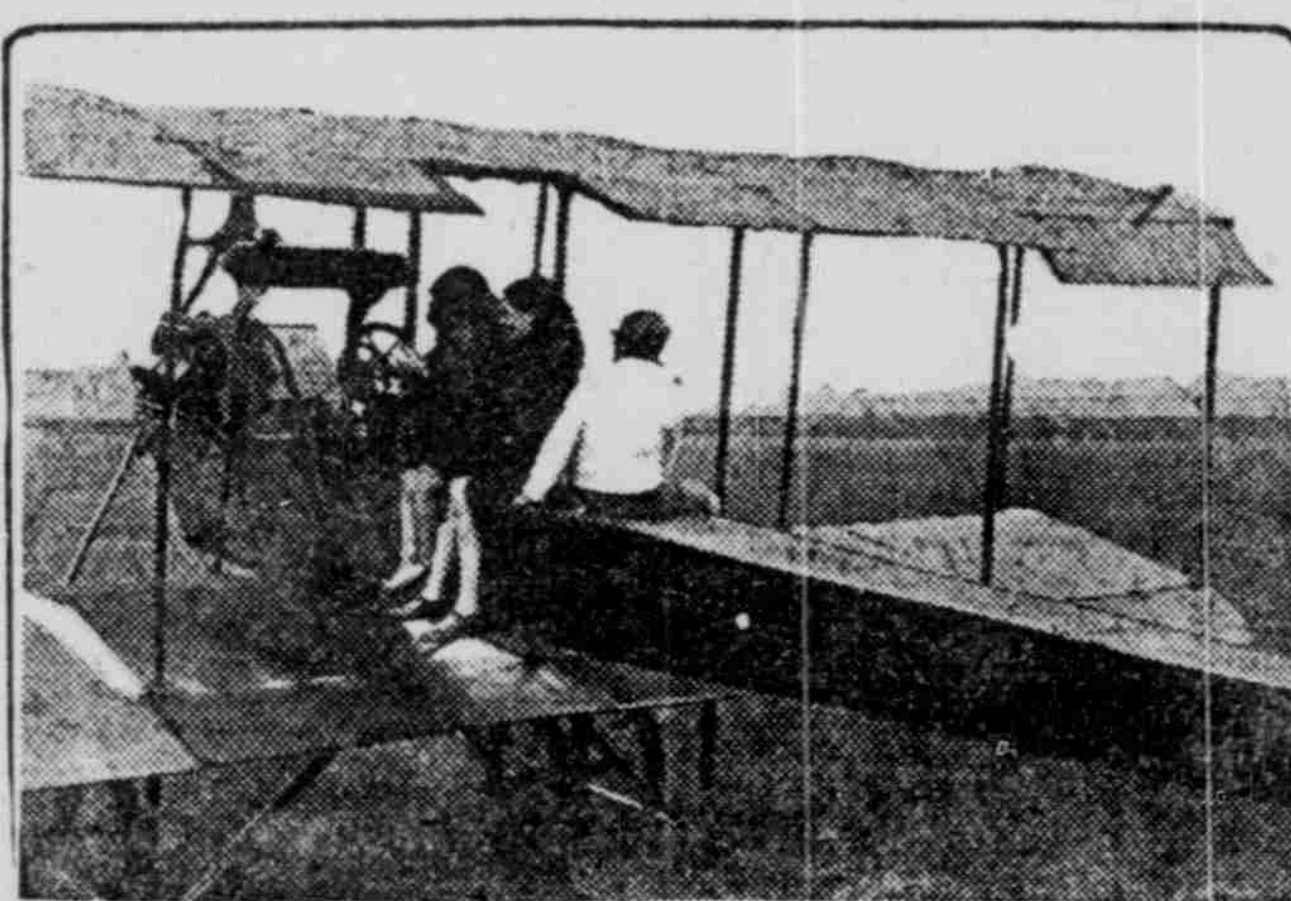
"Inspector McGee," responded the Inspector.

"Well, you never can tell," she said to herself as she straightened up on the landing before Capt. Hanks's window; "let's see—who in my house ever hears?"

She stopped all motion here; and since there was no need for concealment, her face showed the shock which she felt. Her eyes widened; her jaw dropped.

"Um-hum!" she buzzed with the tone of one who gathers the straws of suspicion into a sheaf of fact. "Um-hum!"

(To be Continued.)

LOOK--AEROPLANE RIDES FOR CHILDREN
NO HARM AND JUST HEAPS OF THRILLS

Now the boys and girls may ride in a real, sure-enough AEROPLANE. IT USED to be fun to ride on a jockey donkey, even if the stubborn thing did waggle its big ears and refuse to budge half the time!

IT USED to be fun to get into a basket carriage and drive a wee Shetland pony around the park!

But now that is all changed. Boys and girls want to do something EXCITING in their play hours.

Grown folks ride in the air. Why shouldn't little folks, too? The question, which was laughed at at first, is really being answered now in a very practical way.

Here you see how it works out! This one, pictured here, will seat six children. It is guaranteed not to fly more than one foot from the ground. So, you see, these flights may be taken in perfect safety.

There are so many little folks who want to try riding in the air that this aeroplane is busy every daylight minute in nice weather.

The pilot is a strong, sure, steady-nerved young man who takes great care that his small passengers are properly seated before the propeller is started. Then buzz-z-z-z goes the whirling fan. After an almost deafening noise, which is all a part of the novel experience, the strange winged car begins to move slowly at first. Then it sets up a little speed. Finally it races over the ground and, at last, begins to rise!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cry the young passengers. "Hold tight and don't be afraid!" calls the pilot as they go a little higher. Round and round the track they go as fast as a bird.

Well, yes, we guess!

LEATHER SHOP
WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK
210 N. MICHIGAN ST.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

OUR FAVORITE.

Some of the girls are willowly tall. And some are short and fat this fall. But short or tall, fat or thin, Of all the rest We like the best The girl with the black strap under her chin.

THE black strap under the chin to which we have so rhythmically alluded is a most cute little effect. It gives that open visor-like touch to the hopeless hat, which threatens protection but invites investigation. No girl under 30 should be without one.

EVENTUALLY, we assume, we shall be able to recognize Harry Thaw's picture in the newspapers without referring to the name line.

A Comforting Thought.

(Gary Tribune.) Did you ever reflect with joy that within a very few days there will be no more tales from your friends concerning the size of the one he caught during vacation?

WE may understand the motives of the parents who strive to make life easier for their children than it was for them when they were young, but the motive which pushes such strife to success can scarcely be commended. It produces the gilded youth and the la-de-da girl.

COMPELLING street car passengers to transfer from a disabled car at Vista at and Jefferson Blvd. to save the "hostler" the trouble of running the relief car down to the station conforms with our conception of the negligible in service.

The Frenzy of Optimism.

(Laporte Herald.) Cheer up! It won't be long till winter comes.

"The electric is playing hob with the women," writes W. J. B. "They are beginning to think their what-you-call-ems are purely for exhibition purposes."

Why Not Have Cries on It?

(Bristol Banner.) More and more of our farmers are naming their farms and protecting the name by registering with the county recorder. Our job department has been busy of late in furnishing up-to-date stationery for these progressive farmers. If you have not procured these essentials call at The Banner office and let us get you up something neat.

THE original battle of Concord will sink into insignificance when the Thaw fight starts.

THE affinity between automobiles and car tracks is similar to that which has frequently been marked between the fly and the sticky flypaper, and with corresponding consequences. We deny no man the right to follow the tracks, but we don't get his drift.

THIS age plays so little it makes a business of its recreation. The art of playing was lost when it was discovered that an accumulation of dollars made an aristocrat.

THIS being washday we have hung out some of our old ideas. If you don't like the looks of them you have your remedy.

SEND US some new ones.

C. N. F.

WALLS NO MORE

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE.

Yes, there he was at last. Gerda rushed up and kissed him and called his name! But he didn't know her! He was cold as ice! He thought she was a stranger!

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she sobbed as if her heart would break. Then something put it into her mind to sing the pretty little song that she and Kay both used to sing at home. So she began—

"Our roses bloom and fade away, Our infant Lord abides alway. May we be blessed His face to see, And ever little children be."

Immediately Kay's face lighted up and softened. He burst into tears and exclaimed with joy, "Gerda, my dear little Gerda, where have you been and where have I been?"

"Goody, goody," sang Gerda. "Kay has been found. I am happy again. Let's go home."

You see, the splinter from the magic mirror belonging to the old man had dropped from Kay's eye.

They scampered out of the palace as fast as they could go.

The reindeer was waiting for them at the red berry tree. They both climbed upon his back. And away he went toward the wise old woman's house on the edge of Lapland. She gave them food and let them rest, promising to send them on their homeward way early next morning.

Sure enough, at daybreak, off they went on two reindeer! How happy they were! How they laughed and chatted!

At last they reached home. The houses looked the same. The playground looked the same. The roses were still growing in the window box, but—

Kay and Gerda had changed very, very much!

When they looked in their mirrors they saw what happened.

They had grown up! But all was well.

(The End.)



No Bugaboos Down Cellar

Children can save you many tedious steps; but the tired-est mother hates to send a child into a dark cellar, and children dislike to go there.

No cellar need be dark now-a-days, to terrify children and worry older people. A ray of sunshine from an

Edison Mazda Lamp

conveniently located in the cellar-way will brighten the darkest cellar at the mere touch of a switch.

The new low-wattage Edison Mazda Lamps are the most economical lamps for cellars, halls, closets and other parts of the house which need light only intermittently for brief periods at a time. Try a few and realize their convenience.

Every dark corner can be safely lighted with Electric Light. It is the most economical light to be had. Let us give you a figure on wiring your home. Our home wiring proposition is the most attractive ever offered in the city.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 W. Colfax Avenue